A Small Umbrella

A book by:

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Dee Evetts
Doris Heitmeyer
Evan Mahl
Prabu Vasan
Mykel Board
Karen Sohne
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In this chapbook the Spring Street Haiku Group offers its third annual selection of poems, from work presented and discussed during 1994. We would like to thank Poets House (72 Spring Street, NYC 10012) for continuing to provide us with the ideal venue for our monthly meetings. We remain much indebted for this support.

Dee Evetts

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Spring Street Haiku Group
NYC 1995

not a cloud in sight
I put the red flag up
on the mailbox

a carp noses
little puffs of mud
in the sunlit shallows

in her cornrows
snowflakes

spring night
in the dog's empty bowl
slugs are feeding

next to my bed
a skull from a cereal box
glows in the dark

Carl Patrick

Department store
flying almost as many flags
as the U.N.

Crabapple blossoms
colorful all day in the sun
how pale tonight

A small umbrella
the toes of my sneakers
discolored by rain

Kam Holifield

in your absence
the broom still collecting
tangles of hair

custody battle
the bodyguard lifts the child
to see the snow

his handkerchief
ruined by children's paints
a keepsake

spreading willow
the family still calls it
Grandpa's walking stick

the elevator
descending to the lobby
with my deadly fart

Dee Evetts

the Great Lawn
a row of Portosans
in the rain

falling leaves
the chess game ends
by lamplight

fresh-laid cement
the old lovers' initials
in the dumpster

a squirrel
hides something in the wall
of the old fort

Doris Heitmeyer

across the sky
a string whose kite
cannot be seen

city sidewalk
on a patch of sand
someone's footprint

first fall day
the ice cream truck's jingle
a bit out of tune

windy day
a boy rearranges
some leaves in his diorama

as the mallards land on the water
I let out a breath

Evan Mahl

Manhattan
even here, at twilight
a hoot owl

summer
the lazy swing
of the swing

dusk--
the rain and the day
end together

Prabu Vasan

the writer's pencil
only the eraser
worn to the nub

next to the wanted poster
the man with the goatee

the Halloween parade
on the sidelines
a pair of Hassidim

Park Avenue tulips
leaning to the right
a bit

hot wind
on a hot day
still hot

Mykel Board

straphanging
top view
of his careful hairdo

the men on both sides
have taken
my armrests

stocking feet
the width of each board
down the long hallway

the haiku
completely gone
by the time I've dried my hands

Karen Sohne

round-faced girl
peers into Mommy's glasses
to paint her lips

wheelchair lady
facing a brick wall
the sun rounding her back

pink and blue snowballs
slowly dry
after the rain

Roslyn Rabin

reading the Western
a breeze along the trail
lifts my horse's mane

Mount Chocorua
shadows of autumn leaves
on the back of a road sign

from the living room
the Christmas tree lights shine out
onto the hall floor

lingering snow
the game of catch continues
into evening

Cor van den Heuvel

Chinatown dusk
neon sign
scatters the stillness

writer's block
her parrot skirt flutters
in the breeze

Anthony J. Pupello

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